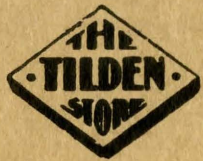


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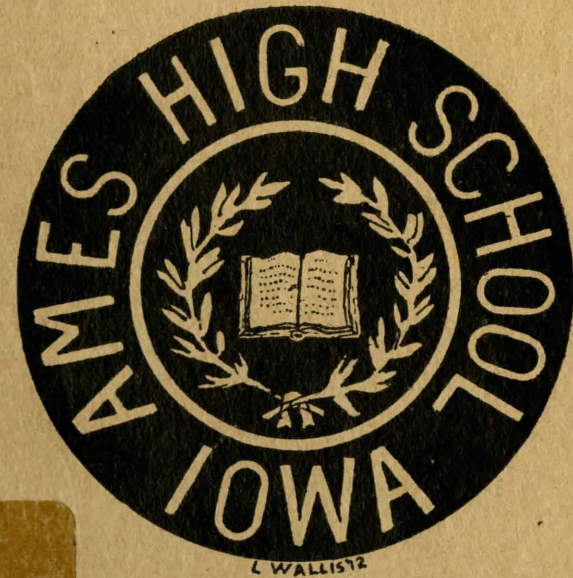


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# THE SPIRIT



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1913  
(Apr)

VOL. 2

APRIL 1913

NO. 3



## Attention Graduating Class

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Clothing  
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# THE SPIRIT

Vol. 2

APRIL 1913

No. 3

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Neotrophian—  
Cora Willey

Athletic—  
Marie Ferguson  
Datus Proper

Exchange—  
Myra Wasser

Musical—  
Margaret Noble

Art Editor—  
Willard Sorenson.



# EDITORIAL

The spring fever is now invading our peaceful domains! Woe, be unto us!! There has been a great leaning toward staying away from school these glorious spring days by some of the members of our board. A few of our faculty also seem to have a slight attack of this precarious disease. Who can blame them for such an act? Although all precautions have been taken the disease seems to grow no better and instead of the germ being killed it continues to steadily thrive. Be careful, Freshies, You Know the Green Ones are Always Taken First.

We mean to close up this year's "Spirit" with a rousing good number, but we need your help. Perhaps while reading this issue, you have read something a little dry or stale and remarked, "I could do a lot better than that myself!" If that is the case, favor us with an article superior to the one you criticised and we will be glad to make use of it. Maybe you know something or with a little effort, could think of something that would help us out a great deal. If you do, don't begrudge it to the poor editors. We want the cooperation of every teacher and pupil in this High School so that we can make our last number a big success. Don't be afraid to help a little!

Don't think that just because you are—well, who you are,—that everyone should run around and wait on you. When someone does something for you, is it very hard to say that you appreciate it, and to say it as if you really meant it? It surely ought not be. Didn't you ever just feel good all over because someone thanked you for something you didn't expect him to? Pass the feeling along. Learn the habit of saying "Thank you."

Margaret Noble has been awarded the medal for the two-minute dash across the platform. This event was pulled off in good shape in assembly last Tuesday.

The girls of the Senior class, West High School Waterloo, have decided to wear simple white dresses at commencement in June. After a heated discussion the caps and gowns motion was overwhelmingly defeated.

## *A Million Dollar Trap*

### Part II.

The western horizon stood out edged by a long line of snow capped mountains. Breathless she watched the long line enshrouded in red and gold like a brilliant sunset. In deeper lines the color grew almost flaming, then slowly it changed from rose to purple, to lavender, then it was covered by a golden blue shade and the whole west lay melted, as it were, in the sunrise glory; but again changed, coming back into life drenched by immortal sunshine, it rose, a cold steel gray towering again upon the earth's green head. The whole scene had altered, warmed by the sun, chilled by the mountains, the land lay revealed, stripped of its rosy veil, beginning a new day, a day to die as it had been created under a misty veil of lavender and gold.

"Oh!" she breathed, "Wasn't that beautiful. Such colors! I am—Yes, I am glad that I am here, if it wasn't for those awful coyotes," shudderingly.

"Pshaw, you'll soon be used to them, they can't hurt you," said Bill sleepily. "Say—there's a young fellow over here a ways west whose a surveyor, mighty handsome, came from New York. He maybe could show you around this part of the country. Maybe you know him. Grayson? Why, what's the matter?" he broke off quickly for Rosa had given a tiny jump.

"Ted Grayson?" she asked, looking off at the mountains.

"Yes, guess so, fellows call him Theodore, don't see any difference, know him?" lazily.

"Uncle knew him—I've heard of him."

"Wal, ain't that nice now," said Billy, hiding a smile. "Shall I tell him you're here?" he asked whittling at a piece of wood.

"No please, I'd rather not, thank you," and she rose leaving him there alone.

He laughed shortly and his gray eyes twinkled.

"Uncle knows him, eh? Wal, now he know her, so Uncle says and Uncle knows even though he does tell a story once in a life time. And Theodore has heard of her and he'd rather I didn't tell her he's here. Wal I'm no tsorry I tackled this romance, not a bit, not a bit," and Bill chuckled, shaking his head.

But Rosa sat in her room, angry dark eyes on the swamp. Just like me to run onto him here. Well it isn't my fault. I didn't start that quarrel. Silly thing. I suppose he came here to mend his broken herat. Ridiculous. Well it isn't my



fault so there!" and she rose tramping up and down until her anger grew quiet and her face cleared.

"I wonder if I could take a walk thru that swamp. Bill says 'Wait until the snow melts,' meddlesome old thing! Well I resign; but those trees tempt me and I do long to go thru them but it can't be," and she gazed longingly out over the tree tops.

Three, four weeks passed swiftly and she spent them in looking at the sighing spruce and pine trees in listening to their rustlings; in learning to hear the cry of a coyote without shuddering. She even learned to ride an Indian pony without fear of it throwing her. Twice she visited the distant cemetery where her uncle lay buried, but never could she step out alone at night to look up into the emerald sky—she feared the quiet world and stayed indoors.

But one day she grew restless for something to do and so after Bill had saddled her pony she rode away into the forest, heedless of where she went. Her pony picked his way slowly along and then she turned sharply into the forest. She felt a wish to know something of it—to pierce its mystery and so she rode on.

The beautiful September day was nearly spent before she realized that it was late; but the sun still blazed high in the heavens; so she felt no uneasiness. But nevertheless she turned homeward; her pony confidently picking his way. All went well until she saw a spray of brilliant wild flowers which she meant to have; so she dropped the reins and dismounted to pluck the flowers; turning around, she took a step forward but her foot caught in the thick under brush and she fell, face downward. Stunned, she lay there a moment and when she attempted to rise, she sank back with a moan for she had sprained her ankle cruelly. Already it had begun to pain, and for a long time she sat with her teeth clenched trying to keep back the tears. Her pony still stood where she had left him, the reins dropped. With some sugar she coaxed him to her, step by step, but after countless efforts of trying to climb to his back she gave up and sat quietly, bearing the pain as best she could.

Night drew on; an owl hooted in a swamp close by, and far, yet near it sounded, came the cry of a lone coyote. In spite of herself she shivered. If only she could light a fire. After a search she found a match in her pocket and gathering some dry brush close by she cleared a small place on the trail and built a little fire as Bill had taught her. The fire leaped up lighting the dark shadows. At intervals she placed brush on it and once she found by her a large stick which lasted a long time. She knew that they would search for her but she held no hope

of their finding her. An hour or more passed and with each pulse beat she grew more quiet, less afraid. At last the silence was broken, for suddenly her horse snorted and backed toward the fire, head low, nostrils wide. He looked steadily in the brush ahead and, there she saw two coals of fire fixed unflinchingly upon her. She heard a low purr, a sniff and then came quiet. She did not know what it was, but her terror filled eyes looked straight at the two coals of fire; her breath came in spasmodic gasps. The two coals dropped slowly into the dense brush across the little lighted path. Her horse trembling but held by dropped reins gave a low whinny. Rosa did not move but seemed frozen to the spot. A great calm fell upon her. Behind her the brush, snapped, maybe another unknown animal but she was not afraid and when a low steady familiar voice whispered she did not turn.

"Keep still Rosa, I am going to shoot, don't move," said the voice. There was a silence and then a rifle shot rang in the still air and Rosa knew no more.

She opened her eyes and they encountered a pair of steady blue ones, but she was not startled. So many strange things had happened that she felt, she could stand some more. So when Ted Grayson's voice said cheerfully, "Well Rosa, we'll forget New York," she willingly assented—another strange thing. After a while she sat up. The fire now blazed high and another horse stood by hers.

"Well," she said.

"Yes?"

"What—what was that thing—those coals of fire?"

"A wildcat, but you were safe Rosa while the fire lasted."

"And then?" slowly.

"I'd have come anyway so you would have been safe," he returned piling on more wood.

"How did you happen to come Ted?"

"I was going home and your cheerful fire attracted me. My house is right there," and he nodded his head backward.

"In sight?"

"In sight."

"And I never saw it."

A far off hail reached their ears. Ted Grayson sprang up, a tall straight figure in the firelight and answered.

Fifteen minutes later a group of men and horses came into the circle of light and a tall figure sprang from the foremost horse and stooping lifted, the girl up. She shrank back—terror in her raised eyes.

"Uncle," she gasped and "Rosa you are safe!" was all the man said.

"But—But—I thought you were——."



"No that's a joke dear—I'm alive as much as ever; been living with Johnson within a mile of the bungalow. Did you ever read that will Rosa?" he asked laughingly.

"No but I don't understand I——."

"Read it!"

Her uncle turned and met the eyes of Ted Grayson. "Have you read it Ted, my boy?"

"No sir but, I certainly will," laughed the younger man.

"But Uncle Bert I don't understand why did you fool me? I left college."

"Don't you understand Rosa? Ted does. Don't you Grayson?"

"Y—e—s—O! I do now."

"Uncle!" and her face flushed. But she faced Ted Grayson and held out her hand. "Let's begin over Ted? I'm sorry, but I'm glad I came."

"Yes and I'll make a new will and add another million to that other, children. Now what do you think of your Uncle Bert?"

(The end.)

—Meryl Rutherford.

#### LUXURIANT HAIR CLUB

Motto: We stand for only 3 hair cuts in 2 years. Members in good standing.

Geo. Piddington.

Frank Mixa.

Earl Quade.

Eldred Dunning.

Bill Lissenden.

Elden Cox.

#### SAME AS HOME

Zoo Keeper: "These camels went nine days without water."

Tommy: "Say, did his pipes freeze too?"

#### A WORD TO THE BOYS

Never marry a girl whose name is "Anne." The dictionary says "an" is an indefinite article.

Teacher: "Did you study your lesson?"

Pupil: "Yes ma'am a lot."

Teacher: "Then it must have been a vacant lot."

Lady Visitor: "Now Johnny, when you suffer anguish who smoothes your brow and wipes away your tears?"

"The old man. Ma's a suffragette."

## LOCAL AND SOCIAL



### *What's Doing*

Mixa is engaging his valuable time at present in embroidering. This you might think is hardly worthy of so large an expenditure of brain material but we are assured by Mr. Mixa that he is doing a great memorial work. His object being to embroider the names of the senior class on a pillow which he will then present to the high school. This will be placed in a glass case in the hall to commemorate the illustrious class of nineteen thirteen.

The Senior class had its annual party at Curtiss' not a great while ago. Though the "power" was off and the wind on the job quite a number enjoyed the evening.

Miss Knudson has been quite ill at her home in Nevada.

Any girl who wore a pink dress at the Senior party is requested to file "her name and the color of her eyes" at the Study Hall desk. Information given later!

Found—Two slushy notes in the "Spirit Box." Owners may claim the same by calling at the office. (Names of the owners are at present withheld but will be published in next issue if not claimed before then.)

During the week in which the pictures were on exhibit in the gym, the different classes had charge of the evenings. The program was under the care of the Freshmen Tuesday night and they filled the evening with Shadow Pictures, a Curiosity Shop and a Tea Room. On Wednesday night the Sophomores sold the remains of St. Patrick for \$2.98 and had a fish pond, and a fortune telling booth and on Thursday the Juniors entertained by a Minstrel Show. The Seniors finished up the week with a like-like portrayal of the pictures on exhibit. On the whole the week was very interesting.



Mrs. Berenice Carol Dox appeared in recital at one of our assemblies and gave us four Schubert selections accompanied by explanations concerning their composer. One song being rendered in German greatly added to the enjoyment of the hour.

Bob Barnes has put up a sign "Bicycle riding taught at 10:30 each Tuesday" and expects to attract many feminine applicants. He gave a trial performance of his ability last Tuesday morning assisted by Miss Curtiss (who by the way is quite a professional at things of that sort.) The exhibition started in front of Central building and progressed northward.

On Thursday evening March thirteenth the Juntos, Dissenters and Neos held their joint meeting in the auditorium. The program was opened by our high school speaker, Jules Beach, and continued with a quartette by the Boys' Quartette who nearly pulled the curtain down in their nervous apprehension but managed the stunt with their usual ability. Then came some shadow pictures entitled "The Lover's Quarrel." followed by a stunt in which the Girls' Quartette did the work and some non-singables brought down the house. "Boots" especially made a hit by his method of "taking the pill." After this Mr. Bair made a speech and Marjorie Summers gave the future of the bunch. Three facts of interest being that, 'Hon.' King had entered an old maid's home—her failure to "catch one" being due to her tongue; and that Jane Knapp after exhausting all her cases here had gone to the Fiji Islands for another; while 'Fat' Russell had at last perfected an instrument guaranteed to lift his feet. After a farce by the Neos Mr. Giese superintended the passing of refreshments while Mr. Roach sang "The Devils Ball." Then the "meetin' broke up."

We have lately been presented a flag by the W. R. C. for which we wish to thank them. Mrs. Sorenson, the patriotic instructor for the Relief Corps presented the flag and Morrill Marston covered himself all over with "glory" and made a speech of appreciation.

"Do boys on foot ball teams ever have their suits washed?"  
"Why of course. What is the scrub team for?"

"William! listen! What shall I do? The detectives are after me."

"Jump on that machine over there put a penny in the slot and you can get a weigh."

## The Junior Party

The Juniors spent a very enjoyable evening Friday, March 15th, at the Loughran home. The house was astily decorated in commemoration of St. Patrick and an Irish spirit prevailed.

A general good time was entered into during the earlier part of the evening which put every one in a happy mood. Several musical selections were contributed by the piano with the help of some of the guests.

As it grew later, broken clay pipes were distributed, and the girl having the piece broken from the boys pipe, was his partner at refreshments, but as there were about two girls for every boy, several gathered in a corner and held a suffrage meeting. Pretty little Senior maids served the refreshments, the last course of which was brick ice cream with a green shamrock in the center, served with wafers.

Every one took their departure for home in high spirits, not only because good eats and frappe were served, but because they had a good time.

### YE TALCUM POWDER CLUB

Motto: Beauty though only skin deep makes a hit with superficial man. Faculty member—announced later. Two are in line for position. Practitioners:

Gladys Johnson.  
Loretta Harriman.  
Gladys Hultz.  
Anna Judge.  
Marie Moreland.  
Gladys Ricketts.

### THE GREAT DIVIDES

Reno.  
The Harem skirt.  
The fool and his money.  
The pearly gates.  
Mason and Dixon's line.

X: "Say did you hurt yourself last night when you stumbled over the piano?"

Y: "No, I hit the soft peddal."

Beneath the spreading mistletoe the village smithy stands,  
His sweetheart right beside him, takes in her's the horny hands  
He kisses her and kisses her—Oh! what a lovely sight!  
Says she, "Hold on there Jack."  
Says he, "I am with all my might."



# ATHLETIC

## BASKET BALL

Our high school basket ball team showed that it was worth something after all, considering that it is our first season, by defeating Eagle Grove at that place. It was a hard fought game throughout with lots of speedy playing on both sides. The team showed a marked improvement over its form in the two preceding games. "Tommy" and "Sliver" Gleason each made four baskets. Greenlee, McNeil and Ten Eyke also played a good game although they didn't do the basket shooting. Mr. Giese accompanied the team and reports fine treatment by "Eagle Grovers." The lineup was:

Ames		Eagle Grove
Thomas	R. F.	Packer
Ricketts	L. F.	Davis
Greenlee	R. G.	Headlock
McNeil	L. G.	Blue
Gleason	C.	Meeker

Substitutions—Ten Eyke for Ricketts.

After quite a lay off on account of sore arms our team after a little practice downed Perry in a rather slow but yet exciting contest 17-4. As this was the first game on the home floor there was a pretty good crowd although it should have been larger. Captain Thomas did the stellar playing for the team. Part of the varsity was still laid up with sore arms but the "subs" showed themselves capable of playing the game. Greenlee and McNeil played a good game also and Hart who was put in the last few minutes of play played a fast, consistent game. Wycoffe, Perry's foot ball star was also their basket ball shark. The line-up at the start of the game was.

Ames		Perry
Thomas	R. F.	Wycoffe
Ricketts	L. F.	Houston
Storey	C.	Rouse
McNeil	R. G.	Austrangier
Greenlee	L. G.	Griffith

All the energy of the team was now turned to get the team ready for the invitation meet at the college. Ames was scheduled to meet Reinbeck on the first afternoon of the meet and

as Reinbeck had a good team, this made Ames struggle to either win and play again, or lose and not play again, and thereby draw the booby prize. Reinbeck certainly had a good team but Ames played a fine game as is shown by the score at the end of the first half 11-11. The second half was very fast and exciting with the teams nearly tied till the last few minutes. A few of the men on our team had interpreted the rules wrong in regard to picking the ball up with two hands and this caused several fouls to be called on the team. These can be said to be the winning points for Reinbeck for Ames threw about the same number of field baskets. Ten Eyke replaced Ricketts in the last few minutes and showed up well during the time he was in. Captain Thomas, Gleason and McNeil played the best game for A. H. S. Reinbeck won but only after a hard fight score 23-16.

The line-up was:

Ames		Reinbeck
Thomas	R. F.	Ingalls
Ricketts	L. F.	Tschirki
Gleason	C.	Schmidt
McNeil	R. G.	Hansler
Greenlee	L. G.	Mohr

Jefferson won the meet after quite a battle and succeeded in being awarded the cup. Each of the team were given fobs. The other high schools represented were Nevada, Rockwell City, Eagle Grove, West Waterloo and Webster City.

## ONE ON TEACHER

Teacher: "Why Jimmy, Jimmy! Have you forgotten your pencils again? What would you think of a soldier going to war without a gun?"

Jimmy: "I'd think he was an officer."

Suffrage: "We believe that a woman should get man's wages."

Married Man: "Well, judging from my own experience she does."

His arms about her wasp-like waist  
The ardent lover flung.  
Then sprang back in the greatest haste  
His bleeding thumb he wrung.  
Then tenderly he strove to kiss  
Her cherry lips and thus  
Her hat pin put his right eye out  
And he began to fuss.



# EXCHANGE

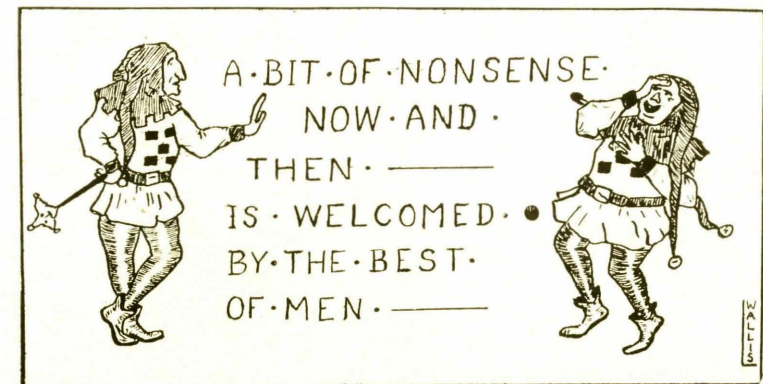
The January number of "Pebbles" Marshalltown High School edited by the Freshmen certainly is a credit to the school, being full of both wit and wisdom. The poems are especially worthy of note, being numerous and well written. Congratulations to class of '16.

"The Quill" East High Des Moines has an excellent article on "Success" which we wish to quote: "Every one has stowed away in his heart the dream of success. Everybody has at some time or other in his life peeped into the future, seen what he wished to attain for his own and then and there determined to win the coveted desire. The lack of talent should not be a stumbling block for if you do have talent, that alone does not insure success. The path of success is not any easy one to climb. But after all success is the reward you obtain after you have done your best; and even though yours may not be the reward of greatness, if you do all that you can do you will have obtained the truest success of all satisfaction."

"The Toltec," Durango, Colorado, takes a different view of the disturbances in Mexico than most of our newspapers. They say: "Our sympathy goes out to Mexico, so small in size, yet so immense when considered from a standpoint of bravery. Though citizens of a republic, they have been ruled for years by such aristocratic despots at Diaz. The peons have been slaves. Heaven has not been so kind to them as it was to the Americans, and has not given them a Lincoln. They themselves with their own gnarled hands must break the shackles. With the same spirit of the Americans during the Revolution the Mexicans are fighting against despots. Brave peons! May they win that freedom which they are buying with their blood."

We have received the following interesting exchanges this month:

"The Record," Sioux City, Iowa.  
 "The Spectator," West Waterloo, Iowa.  
 "Old Gold and Blue," Ida Grove, Iowa.  
 "The Toltec," Durango, Colorado.  
 "The Quill," East Des Moines, Iowa.  
 "Scarlet and Black," Centerville, Iowa.  
 "The Booster," Primghar, Iowa.  
 Iowa Alumnus, S. U. I.



## A WEEK OF WOE

The years had gloomily begun  
 For Willie Weeks a poor man's  
 Sun.

He was beset with bill and dun  
 For he had very little

Mon.

"This cash," he said, "won't pay my dues;  
 I've nothing here but ones and

Tues.

A bright thought struck him, and he said  
 "The rich Miss Goldrich I will

Wed."

But when he paid his court to her  
 She lisped but firmly said, "No

Thur."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die!

I'm done! I'll drown! I'll burn! I'll

Fri."

They found his gloves and coat and hat  
 The coroner upon them

Sat.

## "LATE BOOKS" AND "THEIR AUTHORS"

"The One I Love," by Edward Morris.  
 "Troubles of a Married Man," Raymie Jones.  
 "Why My Teacher Loves Me," "Boots."  
 "My Secrets of Beauty," Gladys Hultz.  
 "How to Bluff Teachers," Margaret Noble.  
 "How to Talk Fluently," Hester Crosby.  
 "Launched But Not Anchored," Rette.  
 "The Art of Fussing," Barnes Brothers.  
 "How to Grow Tall," Clarence Gleason.



### CONSIDERABLE SAILOR

Bobby: "This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat."

Mamma: "Why, dear?"

Bobby: "Because the book says, 'Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest.'"

### FOR PRACTICE

"Father, I can beat anything in college."

"Well don't worry, I'll see that you have plenty of of rugs to practice on this summer."

### EPITAPH OF A SPEEDER

No more he'll run a buzz machine—  
Gone where they don't use gasoline.

Wouldn't it seem queer—  
To see "Spike" Gleason in knee pants.  
To see Sal Mc not talking.  
To hear Mr. Hicks yell at a foot ball game.  
To see Morrill in a Cigar store.

"Can you tell me why Methodists kneel when they pray?"  
"To save their 'soles' of course."

"Kitty," said her mother rebukingly, "you must sit still when you are at the table."  
"I can't mamma," protest the little girl, "I'm a figitarian."

Cashe: "I have a lot of money in England but I don't know how to get it over."  
Stewpide: "Ever try to sit down and think it over?"

When is a joke not a joke?  
Usually.

Two in a hammock  
Tried to kiss—  
Quickly landed.  
'sllp ɒꝀll ɪsnɹ

Jinks: "If it weren't for two things you would be a fine dancer."  
Jones: "Well what are they?"  
Jinks: "Your feet."

In a Massachusetts graveyard there is a stone bearing this inscription: "Here lies Dentist Smith filling his last cavity."

Gym Instructor: "Have you taken a bath?"  
Prep: "No sir, is there one missing?"

What is it that keeps the moon up in the sky?  
It is supported by its beams.

Is there such a thing as smokeless tobacco?  
Yes, chewing tobacco.

Just how would you define a joke?  
A joke is the offspring of a diseased mind.

Neva Mc to Janet: "Are you talking to me?"  
Janet: "I was, but I'm not now."

Mr. Bair is History: "What kind of taxes do we have in the U. S.?"  
Howard Park. "Carpet tacks."

Student reading in Eng. Comp.: "I saw a man plowing with a Roman nose."

She: "Yes, I will be yours on one condition."  
He: "That's all right. I entered Yale with six."

A Freshman translating "Haecin Galliaest importantus," made it, "Hike to Gual, it's important."

A sea captain and his mate went ashore and on getting into port they made for the nearest restaurant. They ordered soup and when it arrived the captain examined the curious looking fluid and shouted:

"Here, waiter, what d'ye call this?"

"Soup," said the waiter.

"Soup," said the captain turning to his mate, "blame me, Bill, if you and me ain't been sailin' on soup all our lives and never knowed it."

"Who can give a sentence using the word 'pendulum'?" said the teacher.

Up went Johnny's hand, "Lightning was invented by Pen-julum Franklin."

Real knowledge, like everything else of value, is not to be obtained easily. It must be worked for, studied for, thought for, and, more than all, must be prayed for.—Thomas Arnold.



"Can you tell me how to make a Venetian blind."  
Put your finger in his eye.

Book Clerk: "This book will do half of your lessons for you."  
Freshie: "Give me two."

"I think," said the actor as a cabbage head grazed his nose,  
"that somebody in the audience has lost his head."

Geometry Teacher (surveying construction on board): "If  
my figure was like that, I'd change it."

"Are you hungry?"  
"Yes, Siam."  
"Well, come here and I'll Fiji."

Whatever trouble Adam had,  
No man could make him sore  
By saying when he told a jest,  
"I've heard that joke before."

Pupil: "Why are there so many Freshmen this year?"  
Prof: "The more the better, because they say green is good  
for the eyes."

"What holds all the snuff in the world?"  
"No one nose."

"Has the basket ball team a good show this season?"  
"Not as good as Ringling Brothers."

Dick Arnold translating 'Der Falsche Hase' in German as  
"The false hare (hair)."  
Why did the girls laugh?

Miss Payton says she will resign when—  
Beulah Briley gets noisy.  
Marion Russell quits bluffing and finds out that he can't fool  
all the people all the time.  
Pansy Pammel is "State's Chemist."  
"Boots" joins the navy.  
Jessie Taylor gets married and settles down.  
Warren Mc finds a girl on "Dear Old Saturday Night."  
Less doesn't "grin."

Customer: "What have you in the shape of oranges?"  
General Storekeeper: "Well, we have base balls."

"Generally speaking girls are——."  
"Yes they are."  
"Are what?"  
"Generally speaking."

Miss Johnson in music: "I would like to have the 'Bridal  
'Chorus' now please."  
"Does she have many suitors?"  
"Oh yes, but none of them do—"  
"Do what?"  
"Suitor."

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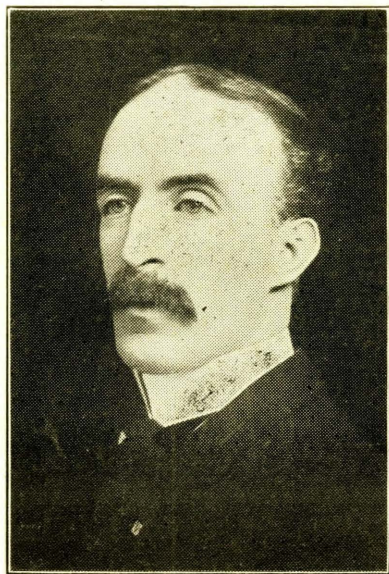
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